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Thence I proceed by easy stages to Birmingham, by Saturday night. I shall be free from all engagements by Thursday, and intend to get home the Tuesday or Wednesday night following. Pray God I may not be interrupted by illness. I am, dear Sir, with truest esteem, yours,

R. ROBINSON, miserably hoarse.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE LATE  
W. HUNTINGTON.

Bristol, Nov. 16,—86.

*Rev'd Father in the Lord,—grace,  
mercy & peace be with thee.*

If God permit and you approve I will honour your pulpit next Thursday evening—onour it I say—with the person of the vilest sinner that ever liv'd—and in possession of a hope that can never die. If you want to know my peddgree—I am by Birth a Beggar, by practice a devil, by trade a coal-hever, by profession—and possession a sinner saved, by principul a stiff decenter, and one of God's own making, for it was he alone that call'd, ordained me, & sent me out—and he has bin my bishop, my tuter, my provider and my defence ever since—else I had bin kill'd or starv'd long ago—If you or your people are fond of the origginal languages—of eloquence—oratory—or grammer, I am the man that can disapoint them all. But if apostolick ignorance will sute them—they will go nigh to gleen a few seraps of that sort—but my degrees will promis nothing further than that. But to inform my Rev'd Father a little about my irregularities—I am in my prayers very short—in my sermons short also—unless the master attends the feast. If so and the cruse gets a spring of oyl in it -- then I generally drop all thoughts of working by the day—nor can I give it up until I have emtied the whole content—tho' I know I shall

get no more without much knocking at mercies door. This I call liberal-ity—and am vain enough to think that it is furvant charity—and that charity which if aplyed covers a multitude of sins—and no wonder when we hold forth freely the blood and righteousness of him that cleansith from all the guilt of sin—and the robe that covers all the remains of sin. Rev'd father, God bless you—abundant happyness, comfort and sucksess attend bouth you and your family and your flock, while I remain, tho' unknown, affectionately yours,

WM. HUNTINGTON.

*The Rev'd Mr. Parsons,  
Claverton Street, Bath.*

*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

H. IN ANSWER TO X.\*

H. ONCE more takes the liberty of saluting X., heartily wishing him a merry Christmas. The more he views the manly, ardent exertions of X. to thaw the political frigidity of the sleeping North, the more he admires, and from the bottom of his soul wishes him many returns of the season.

But as the goodness of man is imperfect, so is his knowledge. A calm observer will readily perceive, that X's knowledge of the Synod of Ulster resembles more the uncertain brilliancy of a wandering comet, than the steady radiance of a fixed star. That although he commences with the strength of Aries or Taurus, yet he is gradually shaded, and even eclipsed, as he verges through the more Southern signs.

Like other great minds, his is

\* See Belfast Magazine for September, 1813, page 196.